

EUPHRADIO

CARPE DIEM

EUPHRASIAN HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. XX

FEBRUARY 1959

No. 1

STUDENTS RECEIVE HONORS AT PRESS CONFERENCE

On October 24 over one thousand junior journalists gathered in the auditorium of Bishop McDonnell High School to attend the annual conference of the Catholic High School Press Association. The occasion was made possible and sponsored by the Right Reverend Henry M. Hald, diocesan superintendent of schools.

The awards were presented by Rev. Frederick J. Easterly, C.M., vice-president of St. John's University. A total of fifty prizes was given to staff members of the various schools throughout the diocese of Brooklyn. The format trophy was given to Saint Joseph's Commercial High School for its newspaper, the "Parmentier." Euphrasianites are proud to announce that among the winners were Carmen Benitez, who received first prize (\$10.00) for her book review on Father Raymond's *God Goes to Murderers' Row* and Lorelei Wheeler, who received second honors for her sports write-up on the Fontbonne-Xavier basketball game.

Mr. Leo R. O'Brien, guest speaker for the afternoon, represented the "readership" of the Catholic press. In his talk Mr. O'Brien stressed the role of high school students in the field of journalism.

After the distribution of prizes, the members of the audience crowded the cafeteria, where the prize-winning material and specimens of the newspapers and yearbooks of various schools were exhibited.

Euphrasianites wish to extend sincere congratulations to all the junior journalists who received awards on this occasion. May they continue to put their literary talents to good use.

IMELDA DENNIS

RECOLLECTION DAYS CONTINUED

Our second day of recollection for the school year was conducted by Reverend Patrick J. O'Connor. On November fourth the entire student body met in the chapel to begin this day which was to be entirely given to God. In his first talk Father stressed the importance of the Mass. Each principal part was explained to us. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary, is the greatest prayer we can offer to God.

Father's second sermon was about Our Lady of Lourdes and Saint Bernadette. We were told how misunderstood Bernadette was. Yet, in spite of all her sufferings, she never complained. Instead she kept close to her Lady and trusted in her.

The final talk was on the Communion of Saints. Father told us that the saints in Heaven, the souls on earth, and those in Purgatory can help one another. In the Sistine Chapel in Rome hangs the masterpiece of Michelangelo, "The Last Judgment." This painting truly expresses the meaning of the Communion of Saints.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Father O'Connor for giving us such a wonderful day, and also to Father Gonzales for the beautiful picture of Our Lady of Lourdes.

IMELDA DENNIS

A Vote of Thanks

Dear Father Collins,

The entire student body offers sincere congratulations on your beautiful prayer book, *THEY SHALL HEAR MY VOICE*. We realize the tremendous amount of time you spent in preparing it for us and we are deeply grateful. Be assured, Father, that as we use the book daily, many prayers are offered for its author. The various instructions are just what we need as an everyday source of grace and light.

Also, Father, we want to thank you for the copies of the *New Testament* which you so kindly gave us. May God bless you for your generosity.

Your grateful children,
by KATHERINE KARL



EUPHRASIANITES' PRAYER FOR POPE JOHN XXIII

Dear Lady Mary, Mother of the human race, please grant your maternal blessings to our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII. Help him in the years ahead to make the right decisions and to do what is best for his beloved children. In time of trial bring your servant to victory. Give him the grace to rule the Church with a strong hand and a gentle heart. Guide him through the years of his pontificate and, above all, grant to him and all his children that peace which his predecessors strove so valiantly to obtain.

MARY ELLEN O'CONNOR

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE HONORED BY FRESHMEN

The December assembly was conducted by the Freshmen on the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, December 12. The program opened with a choral recitation of that well-known Christmas poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas." Then the girls enacted the story of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Sandra Schubert, who played the part of the Bishop, deserves special congratulations. In spite of the fact that she had had a tooth extracted only a few hours before the performance, she insisted on playing her role. Carmen Fonseca, as Our Lady, thrilled the audience. Judy O'Grady, who acted as Juan Diego, certainly put her all into her part. The beautiful story was relived by all who saw it.

On December 30th, the play was repeated and supplemented by a Christmas tableau entitled "The Shepherd Boy." Both performances were very well done and greatly enjoyed by the audience. Congratulations to the girls who took part in the program. We hope they will give us many more like it.

ROSEANNE CLARK

Faculty and Student Body Make Pilgrimage

Many people who have been fortunate enough to tour Europe will say that the highlight of their voyage was their trip to Lourdes, France. Euphrasianites have not gone abroad, but we have experienced a similar thrill in our visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes here in Brooklyn.

On November third we made our pilgrimage. When we arrived at the beautiful Church, we were given pamphlets which explained the origin of the shrine, conducted by the Fathers of Mercy. These good priests came here in 1872 at the invitation of the Most Rev. John B. Loughlin, D.D., the first Bishop of Brooklyn. They established the parish of Saint Francis de Sales. In 1897, a large grotto—a replica of that in Lourdes—was built and, with the approval of the Most Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D., the title of the Church was changed to Our Lady of Lourdes. It was to this beautiful shrine that we were going.

As we took our seats in the Church, we were given candles to carry in the procession. Father Gonzales spoke to us about our Lady and her apparitions to Bernadette. After the candles were lighted, we formed in line and began the Rosary. Between each decade we sang a verse of the ever-beautiful Lourdes Hymn. When we reached the grotto, which is behind the sanctuary, it seemed as if we were truly at Lourdes. Even replicas of the rocks of Massabielle and the Pyrenees Mountains were visible in the background. When we came near the statue of Our Lady, I was speechless. All I could say was, Mary I love you. No words can express what any of us really felt, but surely many prayers ascended to our Mother at that moment.

While we were waiting for the bus to come, Father Gonzales told us of the numerous miracles, spiritual and physical, that have taken place at the shrine. Father explained that the crutches which we saw hanging from the rocks were given by people who had been cured.

Finally our bus came and we started home. We shall never forget our wonderful pilgrimage and we are truly grateful to all who made this beautiful experience possible.

CARMEN DUEN

MISSIONARY GIVES LECTURE

Did you ever stop to realize how fortunate you are? Won't you please take a few minutes to read this article? When you have read it, won't you please think about it?

Recently, the Rev. James McClosky, a Maryknoll Missioner, visited Euphrasian. He spoke to us about South America. To accompany his lecture Father also showed us slides of his mission. In 1942 Father McClosky and several other missionaries were sent to Bolivia. When they reached Cochabamba they found only one priest. Living conditions in this territory were very poor. The people had little food and clothing. If and when help was sent from the United States, it took about six months to reach its destination. Even now many children suffer and die from malnutrition. If an epidemic occurs, there is little chance for survival because of the dire poverty.

In Cochabamba there are many Catholics, but recently the Communists have gained control of the place. Hence, along with bodily sufferings have come spiritual trials. With Communists dominating the city, Catholics find it almost impossible to practice their Religion freely.

After hearing Father's inspiring talk and seeing the pictures, we realize how well-off we are to live in clean homes, to eat the right kinds of food, to have warm clothing, and, above all, to be able to practise our Religion freely. To prove our gratitude we should pray for the poor people of Father's mission and also for the valiant missionaries who are giving everything, even their lives, to help Christ's poor.

KATHERINE KARL



This paper is published quarterly. Its purpose is to provide accurate and reliable news of interest to the students and friends interested in furthering the work of the Euphrasian High School.

STAFF

Editor Valerie McCartin
Assistant Editor Aida Rolan
Feature Editor Rosaline O'Donnell

Reporters

Mary Ellen O'Connor Katherine Karl
Imelda Dennis Carmen Duen
Roseanne Clark Carmen Benitez

Vol. XX February 1959 No. 1
Subscription \$1.00 2 years—issued quarterly



GIVE THE ANGELS A CHANCE

If complaints could be made in heaven, if dissatisfaction could thrive there, if ingratitude and neglect could cause a member of the angelic host to be sorrowful, then my fanciful story might be true. Just a little thinking on my part, and a little praying to my angel guardian have inspired me to write this editorial.

It happened one night while I was praying in Church. As I knelt there, the sound of gentle sobs came to my ears. I raised my eyes from my rosary novena book and beheld an angel, clothed in gleaming white, standing at the foot of the altar. Except for the illumination, he looked just like the statue of the guardian angel I had so often rushed by on my way into Church. I was overwhelmed by this extraordinary sight. What could ever cause an angel of God to weep? Almost before I had given thought to this question, the angel told me the reason for his sorrow. His voice was like soft music.

"Child of God! You wonder at my being sorrowful? You are amazed to see one chosen of God, as I have been, shed tears? I shall explain the reason for my sadness. To all of His children the Heavenly Father has given an angel to guide them and protect them on their journey through life. Although we angels must leave our beautiful home in heaven for a time, we are not reluctant, for we are happy to do God's Will. We watch our charges with loving care through the perilous days of childhood and keep them safe from grave dangers which threaten them. We direct them along the narrow path of adolescence and deliver them safely to the threshold of adulthood. We guide them to the day when this earthly life becomes a thing of the past and they must stand face to face before their Judge.

"All too often we never receive a word of gratitude or appreciation from our clients. Sometimes those poor mortals never even ask our help in their trials. Do they not think we would be happy to help them? Do they not realize that we would do anything to smooth their path to heaven? Perhaps some day, with God's help, our children will become more attentive to us. I must leave now but, my child, always remember in your earthly life to:

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Your guardian angel is near."

It seemed like a dream. Slowly the light that enveloped the angel became dim and the heavenly being vanished. When I left the Church I did not rush past the angel's statue, but I looked long at it. Was I mistaken? No, really, the angel was smiling.

TOP MOVIE

A recent movie thriller for Euphrasianites was "Marcelino," the story of a little boy who is found outside a monastery in Spain. After a vain search on the part of the twelve monks, who inhabit the monastery, for the parents of the child, the father superior consents to keep him. He baptizes the little one and gives him the name of Marcelino in honor of the saint whose feast it is. As the years pass Marcelino grows dearer to the monks. Yet, as he advances in age, he becomes more and more mischievous. It is not an unusual sight to see paper boats floating in holy water fonts, or live frogs struggling for life in a covered pot. Marcelino gives each monk a nick name. They are henceforth called such name as "Brother Cooney," "Brother Sickly," and "Brother Bell."

Marcelino is afraid of no one. He lives perfectly content until he meets a young woman who tells him she is Manuel's mother. Marcelino never sees Manuel, but he forms a strong friendship with his imaginary friend. From then on Manuel shares Marcelino's daily experiences. At this time, too, Marcelino begins to wonder who his mother is.

To try to put some fear into the little boy, the monks tell him never to go to the attic. A "big man" who would take him away lived there. This admonition is all Marcelino needs to persuade him to go to the dark room. He has to see the "big man." When the child is alone, he quietly makes his way up the steep stairs to the dreaded place. Here he sees a life-size crucifix which frightens him so much that he flees in terror. However, a fascination for the "big man" attracts him to the attic. This time he notices that the man looks hungry. He hurries to the kitchen where he finds the bread portioned for the monks' supper. He takes a piece and returns to the attic and offers the bread to Our Lord on the cross. A moment of intense silence follows, during which Marcelino, wide-eyed, gazes at the crucifix. Slowly the hand of Our Lord detaches itself from the cross and reaches down to take the bread from the child. Next, the happy little boy gives his Friend some wine to drink. As a reward Our Lord calls him "Marcelino, pan y vino." One day Our Lord, who is grateful to His little friend for all his kindness, asks him what he would like. Marcelino says he wants to see his mother. He is told that, to have that request granted, it is necessary for him to go to sleep. Then Our Lord takes the loving child into His arms and sends him to his mother in heaven.

JUDITH O'GRADY

Sophomores Show True Halloween Spirit at Assembly Program

On October 31st the girls of the Sophomore class gave an entertaining play entitled, "A Real Halloween." It seems that a great number of people forget the real meaning of Halloween, the eve of All Saints' Day. To some it is just a day for funny costumes and childish pranks. However, the Second Year girls showed the true spirit of this day. The cast was well selected and each girl put her whole self into the part she portrayed. In the play Sandra Robinson and Carol Quill make plans for their coming Halloween party. Sandra maintains that their guests should dress as their patron saints. Carol strongly disagrees with this idea. After Sandra leaves, Carol has a dream in which Mary, the Queen of all Saints, appears to her and tells her what Halloween really means. Then she asks some "teen-age" saints to come in to see Carol.

The cast was as follows: Rose Virginie Pelletier, (Saint Mary Euphrasia), . . . Roseanne Clark; Saint Maria Goretti, . . . Madeline Valenchenko; Saint Agnes, . . . Geraldine Gajdos; Saint Philomena, . . . Helen Wizard; Saint Germaine, . . . Rosa Morales; Saint Bernadette, . . . Nora Valentine.

When Carol awakes from her dream she tells Sandra that she now entirely agrees with her plan for a real Halloween Party. Sandra cannot understand what has happened to change Carol's mind, but she is satisfied that a true Halloween spirit will be shown.

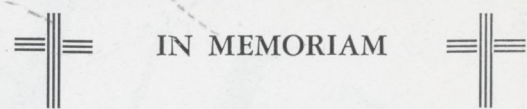
Before the assembly ended, prizes were distributed to the winners of the poster contest and to those girls who received honors for their "Euphradio" work.

A big thank-you goes to the girls who took part in the assembly, and congratulations to Arlene Schalow, Geraldine Gajdos, and Sonia Fernandez for their beautiful posters. Orchids to Senior, Carmen Benitez and Alumna, Lorelei Wheeler for their prize winning articles in "Euphradio."

SANDRA SCHUBERT

Little Known Facts About Our Presidents

1. Who is the only president buried in Washington D.C.?
2. Who was the only child of a president to be born in the White House?
3. Who were the only two presidents who were signers of the Declaration of Independence?
4. What two presidents died on the same day and the same month?
5. What president had the shortest term of office?
6. What two presidents were recipients of Nobel Peace Prizes?
7. Who are the only father and son who became presidents?
8. Who was the lightest weight president?
Who was the heaviest weight president?
9. What former presidents are still living?



THE MOST REVEREND EDMUND RIELLY

Sister Mary Saint Esprit Mary Flynn
Sister Magdalen St. Afra Joseph Dockerty
Sister Magdalen St. Jemerita Peter Mendez
John J. Murphy Sr. Estanislao Monserrate

All those who died in the fire at Our Lady of the Angels School in Chicago.

BOOK TALK GIVEN IN AUDITORIUM

On November 21, Euphrasianites were happy to welcome back Mrs. Flora Alston, a librarian of the Young Adult section of the Brownsville branch of the Brooklyn Public Library. After being introduced by Carmen Benitez, our guest proceeded to tell us about some suitable books for teen-agers. Among those mentioned were *Stars in Her Eyes*, *On the Beach*, and *Julie's Heritage*. Mrs. Alston also told us a humorous story from Mary Becker's *The Home Book of Laughter*. Next, our attention was drawn to books on such subjects as how to apply for a job or how to give successful parties. In the latter book there is an illustration of a Christmas party invitation. Mrs. Alston made a "giant size" copy of the picture so that we could fully appreciate the candy-cane effect.

Our guest concluded her talk by wishing us a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Needless to say we reciprocated her wish and also extended to Mrs. Alston our heart-felt thanks for so generously giving us her time.

MARY ELLEN O'CONNOR

NOTES TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Don't you think we should have a snack between periods?

CALORIE

Dear Calorie,

Try some Bacon. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

Dear Editor,

What happened to the clock in Room 2?

CLOCK WATCHER

Dear Clock Watcher,

Time marches on!

Dear Editor,

Why have the seniors become false to Francis Thompson and turned their attention to Hamlet?

SHAKESPEARE

Dear Shakespeare,

The worthy Seniors have not forgotten Francis Thompson, but we have learned from Polonius, "To thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man."

Saint of the Month

SAINT STEPHEN, THE FIRST MARTYR

Among the millions of Catholics who have died for the Faith in the history of the Church, was a Jewish convert, Stephen. He was one of the first deacons who helped the apostles to collect money and goods to distribute to the poor.

Saint Stephen, truly devoted to charity, was a great preacher. He was hated by the Jews because he did great wonders and signs among the people with fortitude and kindness. He was arrested and brought before the High Priest in the Jewish Council. Stephen spoke about the wonderful favors which God always bestows on those who trust Him. His enemies were so angry at his words that they dragged him outside the city and stoned him. The last words of Saint Stephen were something like those of his Master, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

And so, on the 26 of December, the day after the birthday of Our Lord, the Church honors this great saint who led the way for many martyrs.

AIDA ROLAN

MY PRAYER

When my patience swiftly flies
And my anger in me cries,
Give me grace to hold my tongue
And forget the words that stung.

Teach me, Lord, the gentle way,
Give me patience day by day.
Let my hands help lift the load
From weary shoulders on life's road

This I ask. In return I give,
Prayers and penance while I live.
All My life I'll do my best
And I know, Lord, You'll do the rest.

ROSE MARIE THIFAUT

SODALITY MINUTES

Thanksgiving was surely a great day for the thirteen girls who had been accepted as Aspirants to the Sodality. They were: Gloria Burgos, Marcella Blanchard, Louise Keppler, Nora Valentine, Arlene Shallow, Frances O'Dell, Carmen Rodriguez, Pura Rivera, Patricia Rose, Gladys Benitez, Rosa Colon, Andrea Cortez, and Iris DeJesus.

Following the distribution of medals, Father Collins, Sodality Director, delivered an inspiring discourse. Father asked if the new Aspirants really understood fully the meaning of the promises they had just made. Were they going to be the "edification of their companions" by showing good example and being humble and obedient Children of Mary? The other Sodalists present at the ceremony were reminded of their earlier promises to Blessed Mother and urged to live a life of a full dedication to Mary each hour of every day all through their lives, remembering that, "Once a Sodalist, always a Sodalist!"

*This party is Mary's
So come one and all,
The records are spinning
For the stout, short, and tall.*

December 8th! . . . That date will not be a forgotten one by Sodalists. Why? Simply because we celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception with a unique social. It was a fine treat and a wonderful surprise.

Booths were laden with refreshments, gift envelopes with cards and medals. A variety of attractively wrapped mystery packages with "magic number" attachments for the holders of lucky tickets, were displayed on a large table. Dancing, eating, and laughing were main features of our party.

Because it was our Lady's special day, the Sodalists asked for a finale procession. Aida Rolan, prefect, led the girls and carried the gorgeous new banner of the Immaculate Conception. The Lourdes Hymn rang through the halls, and as the last notes sounded, Blessed Mother's Social ended on a note of love and gratitude to her who is so truly our Mother.

TO OUR LADY

*Dear Blessed Mother, Our Lady in Blue,
Please take these gifts we offer to you.
Some are quite big and others are small,
But we hope, Lady Mary, that you like them all.
We offer you the sorrows and pains that come each day.
We know that you have suffered in a much more painful way.
We give our cheery smiles and joyous laughter, too,
And even when we work real hard, we'll do it all for you.
Our Lady of the Missions, you help them one and all,
So we offer all our good works be they great or small.
Let us present our pleasures which often are sacrificed,
May we give them, through you, to your Son, Jesus Christ.
We offer our patience, sometimes tried by irritating things,
And for you we'll be silent, but in our hearts we'll sing.
In loving answer for these gifts we ask of you, so true,
To make us, Maiden Mother, a little bit like you.*

WRITTEN BY THE GIRLS OF VOCATIONAL A

PERTINENT POINTS

Euphrasianites had a very Merry Christmas. Among those who were responsible for our happiness was Father Collins, who gave us an ice cream treat and a magnificent Carrom board. Just one look at the girls during the recreation period will show what fun the game board has given us. Thank you so very much, Father.

Gratitude is extended also to the members of the Brooklyn Division of the National Secretarial Association, the Catholic War Veterans, the Members of the Junior Class of Our Lady of Wisdom Academy, Ozone Park, the Sodality of Saint Rita's School, and the Religion Committee of Molloy College for their generous Christmas gifts. May God bless all of you for your generosity.

On Christmas day the Baby's manger bed was filled with straw and the "Self-denial" straw box was empty. That speaks very well for us. With each act of self-denial we put a piece of straw into the crib. Let's hope our offerings bear fruit during the year.

Congratulations to Carmen Benitez and Sandra Robinson on having their book reviews printed in the December issue of *Teen Reviewers*—a pamphlet published by the Young Adult Division of the Brooklyn Public Library. The book reviewed by Carmen was the *Edge of Tomorrow* by Thomas A. Dooley, M.D. Sandra's story was *Color Ebony* by Helen Caldwell Day. Keep up the good work, girls.

Honor Roll

Congratulations are extended to the following students for their scholastic achievements.

Rosaline O'Donnell	Mary Ellen O'Connor
Valerie McCartin	Frances O'Dell
Carmen Benitez	Judith O'Grady
Frances Capezza	Pura Rivera
Maria Casillas	Sandra Schubert
Imelda Dennis	Doris Schuck
Rose Marie Thifault	Florence Skelly
Geraldine Gajdos	Sandra Robinson

Orchids go also to the Junior and Senior classes for gaining temporary possession of the Sacred Heart Honor Banner. Keep up the good work girls.

GLEANINGS FROM CHRISTMAS

Escuela Superior Euphrasian
Brooklyn Nueva York
12 de diciembre de 1958

Querida Maria,

Después de regresar de un viaje a México, te diré que lo encontré muy bello pero también un poco pobre.

Fuí para las Navidades y estuve encantada porque gozé muchísimo.

Las Navidades en México no son como son en los Estados Unidos. En México todo el mundo no celebra diciembre 25 que es el día de Pascua en los Estados Unidos. Los Mexicanos celebran el seis de enero que es el día de los Reyes. Siempre se sabe que es el día de los Reyes porque todo el mundo está alegre.

Cuando Dios nació, los Reyes siguieron una estrella para llevarle a Dios sus regalos. Todavía los Mexicanos creen en eso y hicieron eso una costumbre para siempre.

En México no es costumbre adornar un árbol. En vez del árbol ellos tienen el nacimiento que es bonito también.

Me gustó mucho ver la Navidad de México pero también me gustó la Navidad de los Estados Unidos.

Dios permita que tengas una felices Pascuas y un Prospero año Nuevo.

*Tu amiga,
Sonia*

THE INFANT AND SANTA CLAUS

(Selected)

Wee folks dream of Santa Claus
And of stockings filled with toys,
Of dolls with curls for little girls,
And satellites for boys.

Electric trains for Daddy
Plus a tie or two,
Fluffy things for Mommy
To match her eyes of blue.

Presents for the grown-ups
Packages galore,
Christmas trees all lighted,
Holly on the door.

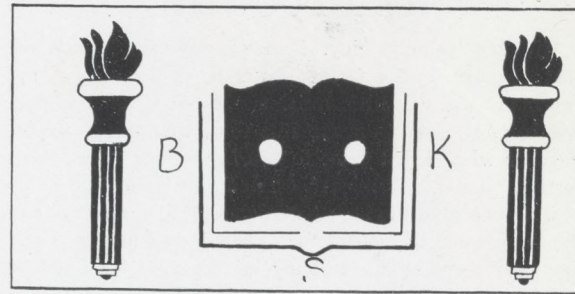
Carollers singing "Holy Night"
In voices strong and clear
Again announcing to the world
The blessed time of year.

We pay homage to the Infant
In a devout and joyous way,
For it is He we truly honor
On this His special day.

He and His Holy Family,
And the angels who guided them
Into the lowly stable
In the town of Bethlehem.

Saint Nicholas of Myra
Should be honored too,
For he inspired the many helpers
Who play Santa Claus for you.

That is why we must remember
As we kneel and pray,
That the Infant and Saint Nicholas
Gave us Christmas Day.



LEADER BY DESTINY

Jeannette Eaton's *Leader by Destiny* is the story of the Father of our country, George Washington who was truly a leader by destiny.

When young Washington was only fifteen he went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. There he learned fencing and military tactics. Life was not always a bed of roses for the eager young man. The death of his beloved brother was cause of great sorrow for him.

As George Washington grew into manhood, his comrades looked upon him as someone to be trusted with responsibilities. He was a serious person and could be depended upon to see a task through. Later, when the French and Indian War began, George was eager to join the fighting men. He gained no victories in this combat, but he won the respect and admiration of his men.

During the Revolutionary War George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American army. This was a great honor, but there were great responsibilities attached to the position. Although his army consisted of a group of farmers, who had no military training, and little or no idea of military discipline, Washington labored tirelessly to make them a trained army ready to defend their country.

Another hardship at this time was that the men lacked proper clothing and nourishment. Supplies were very slow in coming. However, Washington, as a true leader of his men, worked and suffered with them until the end.

There is so much I would like to say about *Leader by Destiny*, but instead, I will invite you to read the book. Perhaps, after you have done this, George Washington will be more to you than a legendary hero. You will feel that you know this man who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country men.

CARMEN BENITEZ

MY PLACE IN GOD'S PLANS

My place in God's plans can be divided into four parts; to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him, and to be happy with Him in heaven. This is the main reason for my creation.

To know God means not only to understand Him to be the almighty Being Who brought me forth out of nothingness, but also it presupposes a knowledge of the life of Our Lord. By studying His public life, passion, and death, I come to realize the love God has for me. Would He have sent His Son to suffer and die in order to redeem me if He did not love me?

To love God I must obey Him, not in a slave-like manner, but willingly and joyfully. It simply means to be ready to hear His call and to answer it promptly and cheerfully. I must remember that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The most perfect proof of love that I can give God is to assist reverently in His Sacrifice of love—the Mass.

To serve God I must perform all my actions for Him. Each morning as I say the Morning Offering I tell Our Lord that everything I shall say, think, and do during the day will be done solely with the intention of pleasing Him.

Finally, to be happy with God in heaven I must realize that my earthly life is a preparation for that eternal felicity which God has prepared for me. Sometimes a valiant struggle is required, but then I should remember that the narrow road to heaven is strewn with thorns. God will give me the grace to bear the crosses He sends me.

By thinking of my place in God's plans I have become more fully aware of my eternal destiny. It is my sincere hope that these few thoughts help you too, and enable you to think of your place in God's plans.

FRANCES CAPEZZA

Answers to Little Facts Known About Our Presidents

1. Wilson is the only one.
2. Esther, daughter of President Cleveland.
3. John Adams and Jefferson were the only two.
4. Jefferson and John Adams died July 4, 1826.
5. W. H. Harrison remained in office only a month.
6. Theodore Roosevelt in 1905 and Woodrow Wilson in 1920.
7. John Adams and John Quincy Adams.
8. John Madison was 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighed less than a 100 pounds.
William H. Taft weighed 322 pounds.
9. Herbert Clark Hoover and Harry S. Truman.

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Hi! My name's Tiny. I guess my friends call me that because I'm a Great Dane. It is because of my enormous size that little humans are not allowed to play with me. It wasn't always like that, though. I can remember when I first came to live in the big, warm, comfortable house. My master carried me home under his coat. I was glad to get out of the cold. My mistress and the baby came to look at me. Then I was put on a pillow near the fireplace and my master placed a bowl of warm milk beside me. I was just a tyke then and was fussed over as though I were the king of Siam. I fell asleep right there near the fireplace.

During the weeks that followed I was treated with the same respect. I guess you could say I was spoiled. Just to get attention I would get into mischief. Then the weeks grew into months and those months into more months, during which time it was my nature to grow. But being a Great Dane, I grew larger and faster than most puppies. Soon, from a cuddly little mite, I became a big, clumsy dog. My fur was a beautiful brown and my chest stuck way out. My teeth were ferocious looking. But underneath my vicious appearance I was as soft as warm butter. After a while my mistress complained to my master that I was far too big to be kept in the house. By this time I had acquired the art of scaring the baby and knocking over the furniture. So the next thing I knew, I was no longer sleeping near the cozy fireplace, nor was I lounging around the house like a dog. Instead, I was chained to a tree in our back yard and left there to spend the rest of that cold and endless night. I was so scared that for a while my teeth and knees were knocking together in a manner most unbecoming to a Great Dane.

Well, deciding to make the best of it, I finally managed to get to sleep. Suddenly, two alley cats came crying and screaming over the fence. I guess they were frightened by something. They made such a racket that I awoke with a start, jumped up and snapped the chain that held me. With a quick pull I threw myself off balance and fell into the nearby bushes. Before I could recover from the shock, I heard another noise. I kept very still so that whatever or whoever was there would not notice me. Just then a human, carrying a bag, and wearing a white cloth on his face, came over the fence. He went straight to the kitchen window and climbed through. I crept out of the bushes and neared the window. There I saw that human pointing a stick-like object at my master. I was too scared to move, so I just stood there and watched the masked man put some things into his bag. When he was finished he began to back out slowly. As he came near me I snapped out of my trance and did the first thing that came to my mind. Yep—I made one flying leap onto the garbage can to get out of his way. Then I heard a familiar rattling sound. I looked down only to see my knees knocking together again. I wasn't cold, I was just plain scared. They knocked so hard that I lost my balance and fell with a bang. I landed on something soft. Oh, my horror when I realized I was on top of that terrible human! He didn't move, so I guess he was sleeping.

In no time at all, my master and some other humans, who were wearing dark suits with gold buttons, had the dreadful situation well in hand.

The next day, when I went, as usual, to fetch my master's paper, to my surprise I saw my own picture in it. I still don't know why, but everyone keeps calling me a hero. Even my fellow dogs treat me with respect. And the little humans tag after me and say, "Tiny is our hero!" By the way, what is a hero?

Oh well, it's a dog's life.

SANDRA ROBINSON

Main 2-0220

THE LEWIS DRUG STORE
For Prompt Drug Service
Special Attention Given
Mail and Phone Orders
Ask Your Neighbor
129 Gates Avenue
Brooklyn 38, N. Y.

NORWOOD SEA FOOD MARKET
Direct Receivers of
Fresh Fish, Oysters, Clams
3154 Fulton Street — Brooklyn, N.Y.
AP.7-1059
Phone orders Promptly Delivered

SUN LIGHTING DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
Electrical Supplies & Fixtures
331 Rockaway Ave.
Brooklyn 12, N. Y.
DI 2-7175

IORIO PHARMACY
196 Rockaway Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.
HY 8-9634



THE BIRD THAT NOBODY SAW

On a quiet day in mid December all students were busy at work. Heads were buried in books and pencils were racing across papers. I glanced up for a second. Suddenly I saw a small blue bird flying between the storm window and the inner one. I could not keep from saying, "Look a bird!" Of course no one believed me, but out of courtesy the girls looked where I was pointing. Much to my sorrow my little blue bird flew away. The mystery is where did my feathered friend fly to. It appeared to be caught between the two windows. How did it get out? On the other hand, how did it get in? These questions did not disturb the other girls. They just remarked casually,—"Oh, Rosa is seeing things again." No one paid any attention to me—so once again pencils raced across papers, heads were buried in books, and the peace of that mid-December day returned. BUT I DID SEE A BIRD! ! ! !

ROSA ELLIS

FRANCES O'DELL GIVES UNIQUE INTERPRETATION OF O'HENRY'S "THE THIRD INGREDIENT"

"The Third Ingredient," by O'Henry, is the story of a pound of beef, a potato, and an onion. It seems that the pound of beef lost her job. In the corridor outside her apartment she met a potato who was washing in the sink.

The poor potato was very unhappy and wet, so the pound of beef invited her into the apartment. The potato was down-hearted too, because she couldn't find the onion who had saved her life three days before. Finally, the beef met the onion in the corridor and asked him to come in. From then on the potato was happy."

P.S. If anyone hears a rumbling in the earth don't think it is an earthquake. It is only William Sydney Porter, or as he was better known, O'Henry, turning over in his grave.

Famous Men

I often pause and wonder
At fate's peculiar ways,
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.

"Curl up and save time." Why is it that most of the Seniors set their hair in curlers instead of bobby pins? Is it because they have too much homework and do not have any time to spare? Or is it because they are too tired, after they come from school, to move a muscle!

One day during study period, Diane Nowetner, a freshman, was asked whether she was German or Polish. She looked very confused, then said, "No, I'm Diane."
ROSALINE O'DONNELL

THE TREE

From the spot where I stand I can see all,
Things that are big and those that are small
For I am a tree, and right proud to be
Standing aloft for the whole world to see.

But being a tree and standing so tall
I see many sights not given to all.
I see on this land so heavy with care
Things that do not give me joy to share.

I see dreaded weapons in the hand of man
And war clouds o'er spreading this wondrous land.
Missiles above bespeak danger and fear
And give threat after threat to all man holds dear.

God's beautiful world seems sad and forelorn
And all hope seems banished and life seems to mourn.
Yet, raising my head toward the clear azure sky
I see firm faith, strong hope, and true love come nigh.

For Mary and her Son will not let man down
If he strives all his life to merit his crown.
It's God's world we live in and God's love we share,
And God and His Mother will answer man's prayer.

SANDRA ROBINSON

JOHN SEXTON & CO.
Manufacturing Wholesale Grocers
P. O. Box 423, G. P. O.
Telephone: Stillwell 4-8600
New York 1, N. Y.

JOSEPH PATRICK CANFIELD
Optician
Williamsburgh Bank Building
1 Hanson Place
Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Greetings, friends: Happy New Year! It seems that, although Christmas is a thing of the past, its spirit still lurks in Euphrasian halls. At least that is the way your Inquiring Reporter sees it. So here goes my question.

IF YOU WERE TO RECEIVE ONLY ONE CHRISTMAS GIFT WHAT WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

SONIA O'FERRALL

To have Carmen Duen stop stepping on my toes. Honors for "Euphradio" (You're not alone in that wish, Mary.)

MARY ELLEN O'CONNOR

The life of Saint Therese of Lisieux.

AIDA ROLAN

A visit to the Panama Canal.

CARMEN BENITEZ

A plate of Chicken "Charlemagne"

ANN MULLANEY

To grow an inch taller.

GLADYS BENITEZ

A diet where I wouldn't have to go without candy.

CAROL MARGILLO

An alarm clock that would get me up in the morning.

BARBARA RUSSIAN

To pass my final exams. Curly hair.

SANDRA SCHUBERT

EVELYN RIOS

Well, folks, it seems that we have gone from the ridiculous to the sublime and back again; but we're all friends, so we understand one another. Again let me wish everyone a very blessed and happy New Year. Your Inquiring Reporter.

PROCRASTINATION?

December 23, 1958

Dear Diary,

Just two more days 'til Christmas. Vacation has started and I intend to use every spare minute I have reviewing for exams. One never knows what might come up and I want to be prepared.

December 24, 1958

Dear Diary,

Christmas eve—I started to study but my mother asked me to help with the tree. Oh well, there is plenty of time for the books.

December 25, 1958

Dear Diary,

Peace on earth! I didn't attempt to study today. Christmas is a family feast. Tomorrow I'll get down to business.

December 26, 1958

Dear Diary,

I thought surely I'd be able to study today, but there was extra tidying up to be done around the house.

December 27, 1958

Dear Diary,

Just started to study when the phone rang. It was Mrs. Miller asking Mom if I could baby sit for her. I thought I could study over there, but the children were too disagreeable.

December 28, 1958

Dear Diary,

No studying today because I went to see my sister's new house.

December 29, 1958

Dear Diary,

Hurried with my house work and really read a page of history after lunch. Then Betty called me and asked me to go ice skating. Something new is always welcome. I'll surely study tomorrow.

January 5, 1959

Dear Diary,

Today we went back to school. The only studying I did was to read that page in my history book. Where did the time go to? Well at least I have a head start in my history.

January 6, 1959

Dear Diary,

This afternoon I had to buy a birthday present for my father's birthday. Enough said.

January 8, 1959

Dear Diary,

Eight more days before exams. I meant to review today but I had to finish a book report that was due yesterday.

January 26, 1959

Dear Diary,

Well, we had our exams, and I passed them. (The colors weren't flying though.) It just goes to show you that if you start studying early enough, you can get by.

DIANE NOWETNER

I. JANVEY & SONS

218 Front Street
Hempstead, Long Island
New York

A. HAUPT, INC.

Parochial School Supplies
320 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn 11, N. Y.